Mile High

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Mile High

by EmeraldTrident

Summary

Le Chiffre and Will have sex on their private jet

Notes

This is part six of my Le Chiffre/Will work. The first two parts are on my commissions AO3 titled Pretty Thing by Wicked_Commissions. The fifth is right before this in the series :)

See the end of the work for more notes

“Go lay down,” Le Chiffre said, a soft whisper in Will’s ear. He was sat on Daddy’s lap at the poker table, his face almost completely in his neck. The tournament had been going for hours and Will was exhausted, having not slept the night before.

Nobody around the table minded or cared about Will’s presence, ignoring him entirely. They all knew better than to say a negative word or give a dirty look their way.

It was the last tournament for six months and Will, while loving the lifestyle of traveling the world and attending poker games with his Daddy, watching him win every time, and getting pampered and spoiled and shown off and fucked after every game, he needed a vacation.

They were planning to go to Barbados for the entire next month and while the game was nearly over Will had already checked out, falling asleep on Le Chiffre’s lap.

They’d checked out of the hotel already, their things awaiting them in the limo outside, ready for their arrival. Not much longer now.

“Not without you,” Will sighed, squeezing him a bit tighter, his hand on Daddy’s shoulder.

“Go lay in the limo, honey. I won’t be much longer.”

Will shook his head.

Le Chiffre sighed. “Baby, Go lay down. After this game is over I want to have a drink. You’re sleepy. Go lay in the nice warm limo and Daddy will join you soon.” He kissed Will’s forehead. “Hmm?” He ran his knuckles softly across Will’s cheek.

Will conceded. “Okay.”

“Okay?”

Will nodded and Le Chiffre captured his lips in a kiss.

“That’s my good boy. I’ll be with you in a bit.”

Will got off Le Chiffre’s lap and sleepily fixed his suit before walking to the limo and climbing into the backseat falling asleep almost immediately.

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Will woke up two hours later, not sure how much time had passed to the feeling of movement, his eyes opened and closed a few times watching the street lights flicker by in the dead of night. It was soothing until he came to the realization the limo was rocketing forward.

His eyes shot open and he looked around in the dark, dazed and disoriented, looking for Le Chiffre.

“I’m right here, honey.” Le Chiffre said, he was right next to him, a small battery operated light attached to a book he was reading. He was wearing glasses.

Will had never seen him in glasses before. He had never seen him with a book either. He figured that must be what Daddy did whenever he fell asleep since he never knew of the secret habit.

Le Chiffre reached out his hand to hold Will’s. His thumb caressed the top of his hand. “You can go back to sleep, baby.. It’s okay. We’ll be at the airfield soon.” His voice was soft and loving and it panged Will’s heart.

Will nodded and rest his head back against the limo seat, he realized he had been buckled in, probably by Le Chiffre himself. He squeezed Daddy’s hand in his, lacing their fingers together as he fell asleep again.

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Will awoke again to the feeling of being lifted, his eyes flickering open to discover Le Chiffre had picked him up out of the back seat of the limo and was carrying him bridal style to their jet. Le Chiffre was barely bigger than himself and yet he carried him with ease, it was a surprise to Will every time.

The lights in the cabin were turned up all the way and Will made the mistake of opening his eyes once inside, wincing and closing them again quickly whining into Le Chiffre’s neck causing him to chuckle.

“Dim the lights,” Le Chiffre commanded of one of his men who’d followed them in after meeting again on the tarmac. “I know you’re tired, honey.” He addressed Will, but for take off I need you buckled into a seat.” He sat him down on one of the white leather seats and fastened his seatbelt kissing Will’s forehead lovingly, lingering there for a minute, his whisper heating Will’s skin. “After we take off you can go back to the bed if you want.” Will nodded, having a difficult time keeping his eyes open before giving in and shutting them again. He didn’t doze off but remained alert while resting his eyes, not wanting to become unconscious again, loving he and Daddy’s time on the jet together and he was determined not to miss it. The bedroom at the back of the jet was calling their names.

Le Chiffre buckled himself into the seat next to him and Will heard the faint rustle of him bringing his book out again. He wondered what Le Chiffre was reading and if he would be interested in reading aloud to him sometime. He almost asked him if he would when the cabin door was shutting and the engine began to rumble, the jet moving forward to get lined up for take off. Will reached blindly for Le Chiffre’s hand again and it was taken up immediately, his Daddy’s thumb caressing his skin. He brought Will’s hand to his mouth to leave soft slow kisses on his knuckles.

Will wasn’t exactly scared of flying but it did make him a tad uneasy. He’d never admitted the fact to Le Chiffre but the way he acted made it obvious and made Le Chiffre want to ease his mind and calm him as best as he knew how to. If it were safe he would take Will’s mind off of it in the bedroom in the back, fingering him slowly and whispering about how beautiful he is into his neck, but that would have to wait until they reached a cruising altitude.

When the plane began speeding down the runway and was beginning to lift Will squeezed Le Chiffre's hand subconsciously, hating the feeling in his stomach when the plane went up. Le Chiffre squeezed him back. "It's okay," he whispered, kissing his hand again. "You're okay." He said it every time and Will could never get tired of hearing it, how cherished Le Chiffre made him feel, how protected.

The plane lifted and Will held his breath like always, unable to help it.

"Breathe," Le Chiffre sighed.

Will inhaled slowly and exhaled just the same, his eyes still closed and his hand held securely.

"Good boy."

Once the plane was righted and they had reached an altitude of thirty-thousand feet the pilot made the announcement it was safe to move about the cabin.

"Wanna go back to the bedroom, honey?"

Will nodded.

"You want me to carry you?"

Will shook his head, opening his eyes and unbuckling his seatbelt. "It's okay. I can walk."

Le Chiffre removed his glasses and placed them onto the closed book he left in his seat.

They both stood and walked back to the bedroom together, their hands clasped, past the rows of Le Chiffre's men already busy drinking and talking amongst each other. They didn't pay Le Chiffre or Will any mind as they walked past them.

Le Chiffre unlocked the door at the back of the plane and they stepped in, he locked it again behind them. Will immediately wrapped his arms around Le Chiffre and rest his head on his chest, swaying gently, loving the scent of his Daddy's cologne and how soft the black velvet of Le Chiffre's jacket collar felt on his cheek. Le Chiffre tilted Will's chin up to capture his lips in a kiss.

"Do you want to go back to sleep? Hmm?" He ran his knuckles across Will's cheek.

Will shook his head, his hand drifting to the bottom of Le Chiffre's shirt to tug it up and out of his pants a couple times before snaking his hand under his Daddy's shirt, his cold palm meeting Le Chiffre's warm stomach up to his chest, rubbing softly in his chest hair. Their lips hovering over one another's the whole time. Their eyes meeting.

"Oh yeah?" Le Chiffre cupped Will through his black slacks, squeezing gently. "How's your ribbon?"

"Tight," Will whined.

“Let Daddy see, honey.”

Will unbuckled his pants and allowed his slacks to drop down to his ankles in one quick movement. He wasn’t wearing any underwear or panties but instead his cock and balls were wrapped up with a pink inch-wide ribbon. It had been tied under his balls and criss crossed over, wrapping again around the base of his shaft and tied in a pretty bow on the top.

Le Chiffre ghosted the tip of his finger along the length of Will’s cock causing the boy to twitch in his arms and attempt to duck his face into his neck again but he held him back, wanting to see his expression. “Such a pretty thing. All wrapped up pretty like a little gift. But we don’t play with this, do we? Not for the next month, remember?”

Will nodded, remembering when Daddy tied his cock up a few days prior with a different ribbon, that one was yellow. He’d been told he was being trained to come only through having his prostate stimulated, any other way was for greedy boys who didn’t know how to control their bodies. It wasn’t a punishment so he wasn’t put in his cock cage so instead Daddy was training him with ribbons. “Something pretty and delicate for my pretty soft boy.” He’d told Will he had dozens of different colors and would be trading them out every day.

“You haven’t been touching when I’m not around, have you?”

“No, Daddy.”

“Good.” He tugged Will’s ass cheek to the side and began petting the diamond plug snug inside his boy. “Wanna ride, Daddy, honey?” He kissed Will’s neck. “Hmm?”

“Yeah,” Will breathed.

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Moments later Le Chiffre was in his armchair in the corner of the mile high bedroom with Will straddling him and rolling his hips, his hands on Le Chiffre’s bare shoulders, clenching into the muscular flesh there as he whimpered, his hole full of his Daddy’s cock.

Le Chiffre’s fingers dug into Will’s waist, holding his boy steady as he rode him speaking whisperings of compliments and palming his soft skin, lost in the beauty of his boy. “So beautiful, baby.” “You’re so pretty.” “Your pussy is so wide for Daddy.” He fluttered his fingers around where their bodies met, feeling his boy’s hole stretched open around his thick veiny cock, the blind touch made him want to come right there.

Will’s hand moved over Le Chiffre’s chest to right above his heart. There lay a tattoo of his name right across his Daddy’s chest. He’s always told Will he was his lucky charm and he wanted to carry him with him always. He traced his own name with the tip of his fingers, his eyes welling at the pleasure swirling in his gut and mixing with the emotion he felt seeing his name permanently etched into the man he loved’s skin. He had only had the tattoo for two weeks and every time Will saw it he didn’t know how to feel, all he knew was he never wanted to part from Le Chiffre, ever.

A lone tear streamed down Will's cheek, their eyes meeting. Le Chiffre leaned forward, pulling Will's face close to his own before placing his tongue at the bottom of the salty bead and moving up slowly licking away his tear. Will gasped and whined. "Shh," Le Chiffre said, joining their lips together.

While their mouths were moving together Le Chiffre moved his hands to Will's hips, feeling the wave of his boy's body on top of him, undulating like a tide. He was close. He maneuvered Will so that his boy was moving up and down instead, his cock being enveloped over and over again by Will's greedy hole.

Suddenly Le Chiffre gripped Will's hips hard halting his movement when his cock was half-way in his boy.

Will whined against his lips. He tried to move but his Daddy wasn't allowing him to.

"Daddy?"

"Just feel it. Just think about it. Feel me. How full your little pussy is. You feel it? Hmm?"

Will nodded enthusiastically.

"Good," he cooed. "No moving. Just focus."

Le Chiffre's cock was throbbing inside his boy and Will swore he could feel it in his bones. His thighs were quivering.

"Daddy please. Please." He needed to move.

"Just a little longer, honey. Close your eyes."

Will's breathing became heavier, his body was covered in sweat.

"Come like this, honey. Show me what you've learned."

Will shook his head. He couldn't do it. He needed to have movement.

"Yes, you can," he read Will's thoughts. "No movement. Just come feeling me inside you. Show me how much you love your Daddy."

"Please," Will sobbed, tears streaming down both his cheeks.

"Come, honey. Come," he cooed.

Will's eyes slammed shut and he grabbed at Le Chiffre's shoulders, his entire body quaking as he came, not a spurt but a dribble. Le Chiffre waited until his boy was halfway through his orgasm before he yanked his boy down onto him fully. Will screamed scrambling for his Daddy's embrace, continuing to come, the ribbon around his cock stretching and straining. Le Chiffre held Will as he came inside his boy grunting softly into his ear, kissing his face as they held each other squeezing one another through their joined climax.

“Such a good boy,” Le Chiffre sighed, pulling back to hold Will’s face in his hands marveling at him. He wasn’t sure if his boy really could come like that but he did. “You’re so perfect. You’re so so good, honey.” He kissed his lips. “I’m so lucky. I’m so fucking lucky.”

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Le Chiffre waited until their breaths slowed before lifting up and carrying Will to the bed, pulling back the sheets and setting him down before joining him under the comforter, pulling his boy back against him. Their fingers lacing together as Le Chiffre spooned him from behind, kissing the back of his boy’s neck.

“Go to sleep, baby. We’ll be in Barbados in a few hours. Want to fuck you on the beach.”

“Not sure if that’s legal,” Will chuckled sleepily, nuzzling into the pillow under his head.

“I’ll rent out the entire beach if I have to,” he kissed Will’s ear. “My goal is to make love to you in every position, in every country, in every possible setting.”

“Antarctica is going to be miserable.”

Le Chiffre laughed. “We’ll just have to bundle up.”

He sensed Will’s cheeky smile.

They laid together wordlessly for a while holding hands before they both drifted off to sleep.

End Notes

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